GLANCES OF RETROSPECTION.

An Account of the Yankees Pillaging in the Buckhead Section.

(Written for The News and Herald.)

My father was an ardent State Rights advocate, and from him I inherit my reverence for my Revolutionary ancestors and glory in the name of Rebel, whether attached to the patriots of 1776 or 1860 against King George III or Northern Abolitionist, who brought the "Nation's ward" from Africa to them for their own profit, but find that they did not thrive in the rigorous climate of New England, forced them upon the South, and then begun to be shocked at the sin of slavery. "Year after year set up wailing lamentations about Southern wrong-doing, bringing all the power of prayer, of press and pulpit to arouse a fierce fanaticism, until finally their efforts culminated in one of the bloodiest wars of all time. Followed by insults and injuries heaped upon the vanquished that are without a parallel in modern times." In resistance to many constitutional violations, South Carolina led the band, and a history of all that befell her people in the succeeding years would fill many volumes.

The enthusiasm that greeted the secession of the State beggars description. A sister had reared a Lone Star flag in front of the house, and it was interesting, indeed, to watch the people passing by saluting it, and as an index of the spirit that animated our youthful hearts, copy a little poem that its erection inspired, composed by my father, William S. Lyles, Esquire.

"The Lone Star is up, now come, brothers, come.
And rally around this bright emblem of home;
It floats on the breeze, base tyrants defying.
Then, brothers, stand by, and keep it still flying.

Long, long, have we borne with insult and wrongs,
The hate of the traitor, the threat of the strong;
But the star of redemption has risen at last;
Then, brothers, this banner come nail to the mast.

And, then; let it float, aye, wave in defiance
Of Lincoln and Douglas, the hated alliance,
Who have threatened in wrath the South to subdue;
Then, rally as one and swear to be true.

Look, look to the flag that now beckons you on.
To fields where freedom is again to be won;
Then rally and perish, if even you must,
Ere one of its folds be trailed in the dust.

Then look to the flag, so proud and so free,
That waves o'er our homes and mountains to see;
And swear in your hearts to meet Death's embrace
Ere tyrants shall ever that Lone Star efface."

Alas! We did not know through what suffering that emblem was to lead, did not realize that many of our relatives and friends were to shed their life's blood in its defense. **Animis, opibusque parati** was not a vain boast with the sons of Carolina. When the tocsin of war sounded and a call was made for defenders of her sacred soil, they came flocking to her standard, as though moved by one impulse. Lawyers, physicians, merchants, farmers, artisans all responded to that call, and soon were on their way to Charleston. How that task was fulfilled is well known. How Fort Sumter was besieged and captured under the peerless Beauregard will live in "song and story."

Then "our boys" were sent to assist in driving the invader from the soil of old Virigina—the Mother of so many of the Presidents of the United States, who was now seeking her destruction from that of her sister States of the South.

Until the spring of 1865 life in the up country had been comparatively peaceful, save for the absence of loved ones at the front, and the deprivation of the luxuries of life, we did not realize the horrors of grim visaged war. But Sherman's invasion of the State tore the veil from our eyes. Oh, that I possessed a ready pen, that I might portray the scenes of horror that are indellibly impressed upon my brain, as I recall those dark days. For days before the advent of General Kirkpatrick and his bummers in our neighborhood, we were being warned by the lurid light of burning houses, and by the fleeing of refugees before the vandals, of the terrible ordeal in store for us; we, the Daughters of the Revolutionary Sires, had espoused the Southern cause with all our hearts, and now, we would pay the penalty of our loyalty.

The morning of February 21st, '65, dawned gloomily. The sunbeams vainly strove to pierce the murky atmosphere. A fearful dread was on each heart and confusion reigned supreme. The Yankees had visited my grandfather's the night before, talking off his saddle horse, and said they would return in the morning. I, with two sisters, were at a cousin's home vainly thinking it was in more retired place than our own, and might not be visited by so many of the enemy. We went to breakfast with heavy hearts—had scarcely taken our seats when the dread cry was heard, "The Yankees are coming, the Yankees are coming!" With a whispered prayer for God's protection, we hurried back to the sitting room, and in a few minutes more the house resounded with the shouts of the rude soldiers as they galloped up the avenue, surrounded the house, dismounted, rushed through every door, their guns striking on the floor with discordant sounds, cursing and jeering as they came. Seating themselves at the table, and devouring the nicely prepared breakfast, pocketing the silverware as each man arose, are pictures indellibly stamped upon memory's tablet. While at the table one of the intruders called out: "Some of you Southern girls come and pour coffee for us." To which the lady of the house replied: "There are servants, let them wait on you." The scenes that followed from "early morn until dewy eve," I am unable to portray justly, can compare them to naught but some of those described in Dante's Inferno, so unlike civilized things, seeing these creatures turned loose to prey upon the women and children and old men of the South.

Every drawer, trunk and cupboard was ransacked. One room in which refugee friends had trunks stored was knee deep in clothing, dragged from these receptacles. After taking whatever struck their fancy, blankets and pillow cases were stripped from the bed, the first for saddle cloths, the latter to be filled with supplies from the pantry; this was repeated by each successive crowd until but little was left to appropriate.

A friend wrote me: "It would hardly be believed that civilized men committed some of the outrages done, mixing garden seed, castor oil and other medicines in a mass, so they could not be used, pouring barrels of sorghum syrup in wells, shooting down stock that could not be conveniently driven off, stealing ladies' clothing, crepe shawls, silk dresses and other articles for which they had no use, taking off silver plates, watches and jewelry, and in one instance taking a gold dollar from a little sick child.

They seemed to think our stock of valuables inexhaustible, for the cry from each successive crowd was. "Where is your silver and gold?" even attempting to take the rings and brooches from the person. A dear friend from Florida wore a ring, a gift of a dear mother, which caught the eye of one of the soldiers, and he demanded it. Upon her refusal, he advanced to take it forcibly, when she threw it off her hand and dashed it to the other side of the room. He picked it up, exultantly saying: "This is my trophy of a Southern girl!" "Where are your husbands and brothere?" are frequent inquiry with them, and the reply, "In Lee's Army, where all true Southern men should be," seemed to create no surprise. One impudent fellow retorted, "Yes, if it were not for you women, the War would have ended long ago." My cousin's husband, Capt. William Boykin Lyles, had fallen at Seven Pines, while gallantly leading his Company in a charge, and friends had sent his sword and uniform home to her. These cherished relics had been hidden, but a servant betrayed them, and one of the raiders took them down and came into the house to taunt the stricken hearts with the sight, and vain was the request to have them returned.

My grandfather, Major Thomas Lyles, 78 years of age, was lying in bed with a broken hip, and one of the brutal soldiers, perhaps thinking he was feigning disability, approached with a torch, which he put under the bed, demanding silver and gold as a ransom, or they would burn him alive—to which the old hero replied: "I haven't many years to live anyway, so burn and be damned." And he, surprised at his fearlessness, exclaimed: "You are the bravest man I have ever seen in South Carolina," and ordered one of the negroes to remove the torch. Fearing we might be burned down, each one had put on several suits of clothing, so, in case of so dire an event, we might be better protected from the cold, and we must have presented a ridiculous appearance to our foes, seated in the room with hats and cloaks on, (they were but recently from the famous Bee Store and were duly prized) as if about starting on a journey. "Where are you going, and why have you bonnets and cloaks on?" and our replies: "Nowhere," and to "Preserve them from Yankess" seemed quite amusing to them.

If we appealed to officers for protection, the inevitable reply was: "These men do not belong to my company, and would not obey an order from us." I suppose they separated purposely, that they might rob and destroy without restraint. In all the hundreds who visited the house, only one man, a Lieutenant, from Troy, N. Y. (I am sorry I cannot recall his name) seemed to possess the instincts of a gentleman. He came to the sitting room door and said: "Ladies, I see your trunks have been opened. If there is anything you wish to secure, come now, and I will protect you," at the same time drawing his sword from the scabbard, and ordering the plunderers to desist. At my cousin's request, he remained with us as a protector several hours, and seemed really to deprecate the manner in which the soldiers were behaving; said he was fighting for the Union, and not for plunder, etc.

The negroes traveled about a good deal, and took pleasure in circulating the wildest rumors about the Yankee's doings at the neighboring places. A little sister, whose devotion to her mother was marvelous, was made almost frantic by the report that she had been shut up in the house and a torch applied, because she would not reveal the hiding place of her valuables, and her nervous system never recovered from the shock, and five weeks later her pure spirit sought a more peaceful clime. A young friend also was never well after that terrible raid, and a few months later died of typhoid fever, induced by the excitement, as surely victims of the War as if slain in battle.

The night before the Yankees came, a gallant foot-sore Confederate sought Mother's hospitality, which she gladly extended, provided he was not afraid of capture. He was willing to risk it, as he had walked twenty-five miles that day, and was almost broken down. He was on his way to rejoin his command in North Carolina, and owing to railroads being torn up, had to travel much of the way on foot. Though a stranger, he won our kindliest sympathy by his gentle bearing, and we did all in our power to render him comfortable, and gave him the needed rest. Daddy Jack, an old servant, volunteered to stand guard, and give warning if he heard the Yankees coming. Our young friend escaped capture only to become a sacrifice upon our country's altar, for he was slain in one of the engagements near Smithdeal, S. C.

"Sleep sweetly in your humble grave,
Sleep martyr of the fallen cause."

Gen. Kilpatrick and staff rode up to my mother's door and demanded a map of South Carolina. Upon a servant's producing it, one of his aid's dismounted, and coolly cut out the counties of Fairfield, Chester and Lancaster, saying that was all he wanted. In a short while thereafter, fire was set to the dwelling, barns, stables and gin house, and all consumed with their contents, except the dwelling, which was extinguished by a little sister. My aunt and daughters were entertaining at dinner four Confederate soldiers, who were trying to reach their commands in North Carolina and Virginia, when the cry arose., "The Yankees are coming!" Of course, there was a rush made by the Confederates to the woods to escape capture. They were spied by the Yankees and chased through the yard and fired upon and one wounded slightly and captured, the rest making good their escape. One had rushed off minus his knapsack, which was besieged by one of the young girls, Rebecca Lyles, and without thinking of the danger she would be exposed to, from the flying shot, picked it up and ran after them, throwing it close enough to the owner for him to catch it as he fled. After plundering here, they resorted to the torch to still further distress the helpless ladies and children, a fire being placed in one of the daughter's trunks that had been packed preparatory to sending her away to a boarding school. One of the raiders must have possessed a spark of humanity, as he responded to my aunt's request: "Put out the fire," before it had done a great deal of damage. Another aunt, who possessed a lovely voice, saved her piano from destruction by singing, at their request, thus proving "music hath charms to sooth the savage breast."

A handsome piano stood in the parlor of a cousin's house that had been abandoned, and as the soldiers were about to chop it to pieces, a negro man begged for it. They gave it to him on condition of his taking it unaided, which feat he accomplished only to have it chopped to pieces by the next crowd. An aunt told me of her mother, a native of New Haven, and one of the most intelligent and pious persons I ever knew, who became so indignant at their ruthless behavior that she caught a boy, who was pillaging in her room, by the arm, and called an officer to take charge of the little scamp, and he, awed by her manner, complied with her request.

Sugar was a rarity in those days, and my cousin, knowing the Yankees would appropriate it, had hidden a can of it in a mass of shrubbery in the yard, but it was found and carried off, except a few pounds, which two little boys were discovered feasting upon after they left. As a general thing, the negroes behaved well, though very much excited and seemed to be afraid also. Only a few seemed to be hail fellow with them. They had not then been corrupted by contact with the radical horde that preyed like harpies upon the State.

After the war they naturally looked upon us as friends and protectors. A day and night Kirkpatrick and his bummers stayed in our neighborhood, and from being one of the best of county neighborhoods, filled with neat homes, presenting an appearance of refinement and comfort, they reduced it to a scene of desolation, marked by smoking ruins, the chimneys of which stood for years like grim sentinels to remind us of that awful time. In my immediate neighborhood, several large residences, a score of cotton, and one of dreds of bales of cotton, and one of the best flour mills in the up country were burned. Hundreds of horses were carried off. In some instances broken down stock left in their stead, nearly all of the provisions destroyed or carried off. What a condition for defenceless women and children to be in, many of them homeless and destitute of the necessaries of life. How we managed to live on the scraps left is a mystery, but "He who feedeth the raven" helped us. I scarcely think the Goths and Vandals could have acted more barbarously, and though nearly forty-five years have elapsed since Kilpatrick's raid, I cannot recall it without a shudder. The surrender of General Lee's Army was a sad blow, for then we realized "a nation's hopes were dead." We had enshrined the Cause in our hearts, and had the faith that right must win, and looked forward to the day when victory would crown our banner to make amends for all, but God ordered it otherwise. To His will we bow, and cherish our glorious memories yet more sacredly, and tell to our children, the history of their brave and noble kindred, whose patriotism surrounds them as with a sweet and holy incense rising from our country's altar, on which they were offered noble sacrifices.

"On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards the solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

N'IMPORTE.

University of South Carolina,

Scholarship Examination.

The University of South Carolina offers scholarships in the Department of Education to one young man from each county. Each Scholarship is worth $100 in money and $18 term fee with free tuition.

Examination will be held at county seat July 1st. Examination of students generally for admission to the University will be held at the same time.

Write for information to
S. C. MITCHELL, President,
5-7-2t Columbia, S. C.

NOTICE.

GOOD BOY, the Registered Hambletonian Stallion, will make the season again this year at Ridgeway and Winnsboro. Service fee, $12.50. $2.50 down and $10.00 when colt stands and sucks.

GOOD BOY is sired by American Boy, and is from the best strain of Hambletonians in America; is kind and gentle and a lady can handle him.

4-20-2m A. D. HOOD.

License Notice.

Notice is hereby given that all persons peddling in the country are required to take out a license with the Clerk of Court. This provision of the law applies to all persons who deliver goods in the country, including sewing machine agents, furniture dealers, etc. The magistrates are urged to see that this provision of the law is strictly complied with.

C. H. DOUGLASS,
Clerk Board County Commissioners.
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Tell your friends about the offer of The News and Herald to Dec. 1 for only FIFTY CENTS.